Volume LXXXII CHICAGO, October 3, 1918 Number 4

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

A PRAYER FOR THE WORLD'S REBUILDERS.

We send them off to school again today,
This cool September morning. All the street
Is musical with patter of small feet,
And little, shining faces all the way
Seem wayside posies for our smiles to greet.

I wonder if they ever guess or know
With what strange tenderness we watch them go?

Just children on their way to school again?
Nay, it is ours to watch a greater thing—
These are the World's Rebuilders, these must bring
Order to chaos, comforting to pain,
And light in blasted fields new fires of Spring.

Dear Lord, Thy childish hands were weak and small
Yet had they power to clasp the world withal,
Grant these, Thy little kindred, strength as true—
They have so much to learn, so much to do!

—*Theodosia Garrison.*

Good Housekeeping for September.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 39
What We Most Need for Durable Peace.—Charles F. Dole 40

THE PULPIT—
The Real Warfare.—Rev. Lewis B. Fisher..... 41

THE STUDY TABLE—
Psychical Phenomena and the War—Arthur T. Brown 46

POETRY—
A Prayer for the World's Rebuilders.—*Theodosia Garrison* 38
The Last Word.—*Matthew Arnold*..... 39
The Giant Oak. (To J. Ll. J.)—J. H. Ostrander..40

CONTRIBUTED—
Tagore on National Education..... 41

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The History and Practice of Religion—Beginnings. XXVIII. The Civic Code. Lesson II. ...44

THE FIELD—
All Souls Church—Abraham Lincoln Centre.—9..47

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1918 NUMBER 4

THE LAST WORD.

Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain thy onset! All stands fast,
Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talked thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall!

—*Matthew Arnold.*

Delightful are the reports which come from "over there" of the great popularity of the Salvation Army with the American soldier boy. A traveler just returned from France and Italy brings us word that General Booth's followers stand first in the affections of the men at the front. Right up to the trenches and the battle-line go the salvation lads and lassies, indifferent to shot and shell, and always ready with the things most needed at the moment—food, hot drinks, warm clothing, bandages, etc. Nothing is asked in return—the claims of religion are never obtruded—it is all *service*, for the love of human kind. God bless the Salvation Army! J. H. H.

One of the most astounding reverses to democracy came from our own United States Senate in the defeat of Woman's Suffrage. It is past belief that men who find themselves raised to such a high position of responsibility should so utterly fail to respond to the spirit of the times. In utter selfishness they consider their own small useless political future. Are there not men enough among the Southern Democrats to relieve the United States Senate of the services of these men who are intellectually and politically so out of date that they are worse than useless? We need *men* in the United States Senate.

O. C. S.

President Wilson's statement on the reign of terror in Russia gives official confirmation to the dreadful reports which have of late been coming to the outer world, of the condition of affairs in that unhappy country. Nothing could be more complicated than the situation as it exists today. Brave is the man who attempts final judgments, or assesses ultimate responsibilities. But this one thing is certain—nothing can justify assassinations, forcible repressions and persecutions, domination by violence and terror. A Soviet tyranny is as evil a thing as a Romanoff tyranny; Kropotkin in prison as a conservative, as dreadful a picture as Kropotkin in prison as a revolutionist. The Bolsheviki undoubtedly "have a case." Mr. Arthur Ransome presented it in his famous letter in *The New Republic*. But it is not helped, to say the least, by the blood-lettings which Mr. Wilson has denounced to all the world. J. H. H.

It is doubtful if a nobler story of Christian brotherhood has ever been written than that which comes from the mission fields of India. J. Lovell Murray tells the tale in his "The Call of a World Task," just published by the Students' Volunteer Movement. "When the work of the German missionaries in India was imperilled by their inability to secure money and supplies, it was the missionaries from Great Britain who were foremost in coming to their relief. . . . When the money of the German missionaries was all gone and they were in destitution, the British missionaries, out of their own slender incomes and with living costs steadily rising, made generous contributions in cash. When all Germans were in danger of internment, the British missionaries plead with the government, loudly asserting their own confidence in the good faith of the German workers. And when it appeared necessary at last that the German missionaries should be deported or interned, the missionaries from Great Britain undertook to do all in their power to oversee the work in the now neglected fields and to shepherd the souls there who needed Christian instruction and leadership, until their German brethren could return. Other bonds broke, but the missionary bond held." It is important to note that this book, of which the above is a characteristic page, was prepared as part of the advance missionary program which emanated from the Student Volunteer Conference at Northfield, Mass., January 3, 1918. Such a spirit promises much for "the healing of the nations."

J. H. H.

What We Most Need for Durable Peace

When men talk of making peace, they mostly think of outward conditions, of boundaries, indemnities, and guarantees, and more or less disarmament. They remember the world before the war broke out, and they have an idea of a world in which we shall see certain great changes on the map, and in the construction of governments, and especially in the "balance of power." Some are so sanguine as to suppose that the expected victors in the war can "fix things" so that the world will never be seriously disturbed again. Nevertheless it is humanly certain that we can never adjust conditions outside of us, however overwhelming a victory might be, so as to establish peace.

What is the chief need upon which we must set our thoughts? The great need of the world is the change of the disposition of people towards each other. We can never have stable peace while fears, suspicions, jealousies, prejudices keep us apart. If you despise people and they answer you back with fear, you cannot have guarantees of permanent peace. In war time, or in the irritation that precedes and makes war, and too often follows war, we turn our worst side towards the other party; we wear scowls on our faces; we double up our fists in threats. By the invariable laws of our common nature, the others answer back to our suspicions, or threatening, in ugly and exasperating gestures. If we could only put aside our arms, we should think better of one another than to strike and fight.

There is not only an ugly side in men and nations; there is also a kindly, better, humane and generous side in us all. It is not so very hard to turn this side to the other. It is really our normal, or best self. We can never get into right relations with others, except by using this good self. I mean the friendly attitude and the conciliating temper, which we all so much like to find expressed by others to us. The American people could stop the war at once, if they cared enough for the German people to make their good-will known to them.

A host of lions appear in the way: "The Germans are wicked; they ought to be punished; they must be forced to make restitution; no one can trust them; they must bow the knee and sue for peace." This kind of talk prolongs the war and costs thousands of lives every day. Such talk expresses the worst side of us, not the better. It plays into the hands of the "enemy," consolidates resistance and engenders bitterness. Grant that it is true; grant that the Kaiser is awfully to blame, and that autocracy must be turned out of power everywhere? But who is without blame in this strange welter of strife? Cannot the Allies admit that we all, who have depended upon and used the war system, may be just a little to blame for the situation today? If, then, we are even a little to blame for the same kind of a fault that we so dislike in the others, it must be "up to us," as the less guilty party, to make confession, and alter our attitude from our stern self-righteousness to proper modesty, and to seek thus, by the only way open to humane men, to bridge the ugly gulf that now divides us, and that absolutely must be closed up before we can have the kind of peace that will last. After this, conditions of territory, and the restoration of devastated lands and the proper disposition of the outworn machinery of war, will adjust themselves.

The fact is, that the light of a new trust and humanity must shine in the faces of the men and women who represent the nations in the great peace conference, and the international meetings which will duly follow. There can be no fear of returning to the old outward *status quo,* if only the nations of the world meet each other with changed hearts and the new purpose to co-operate in creating a decent world to live in.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

(To the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.)

THE GIANT OAK.

God, help me so adjust, so hold this mirror up
That he may see who runs,
May gain a lasting, if but fleeting glimpse, of this Thy servant,
One of the fairest sons;
May know the tender, homely love, the power, the aims, the worth
Of this defender of the human rights of earth.

Fallen at last, the giant oak is down, crushed to the earth,
Once more to mingle with the elements that gave it birth.
No more its craggy crest will scrape the fickle sky,
A guide, a joy, a solace to the passer-by.
Few monarchs of the hill, have stretched their rugged crowns
To such a height, so near the sun,
Or struck their rugged roots so deep into the friendly soil
As this, the fallen one.

Crushed to the earth, a mighty heart, a mighty brain is stilled,
A mighty man has fallen.
He was not often wrong, not always right,
But he who lightly would assume his role,
Lightly appraise his worth, by preachment, pen or word,
Is but a pygmy, straining to swing the giant sword
Of his dead master.

He served on bloodstained battle-fields
To set men free,
He offered up his life to make his country
"Safe for democracy."
And when the war was over and was won,
His fight for true democracy had but begun,
And ended only when his race was run.
Let only those who serve likewise
Dare censure him, or criticize.

For human love and human liberty must be
The measure of his worth,
His task was not to preach a future bliss,
But more through human love
To make a heaven of this.

Staunch advocate was he of brotherhood and plain humanity,
Forerunner of the renaissance to be.
No brief held he for heaven or hell,
His only aim, that on this dull misguided earth,
All might be well.

So long as we are satisfied to wait for happiness,
Until we die,
So long will might and greed prevail, and women weep,
And monarchs act a staple lie.
So long as we can only think of heaven elsewhere,
So long will rascals thrive, and humankind despair.

Bold painter he,
Who spent his deep, rich life upon one single canvas,
Called humanity.
And he who would change aught upon this canvas,
Adding a deeper pigment here, or there more glow,
It but a novice, who would fain retouch
A Rembrandt or a Bouguereau.

I stand today beside his open grave
With moistened lash and trembling limb,
Richer for loving, and for being loved by him.
And I shall stand unto the end,
Thanking the gods that they have led me up,
To such a brother—such a friend.

Here lies the giant, helpless and undone,
But he has borne the torch of human liberty and love
To greater heights than any I have known,
And in his fight for truth and justice,
He has won.

Rest, gnarléd monarch of the hills,
No more of storm and frost, and wild turmoil.
But in a dozen centuries come back,
And you will find a richer, kindlier soil,
More fellowship of equal heart and brain
Will welcome you, when you return again.

—J. H. OSTRANDER.

Tagore on National Education

The following message was sent by Sir Rabindranath Tagore to the Society for the Promotion of National Education:

The lamp is trimmed.
Comrades, bring your own fire to light it,
For the call comes again to you to join the star pilgrims
Crossing the dark to the shrine of sunrise.
The day was when you went forth in your glad adventure of light
And the star of hope thrilled in the sky and kissed your banner.
But as the dusk deepened you fell behind in the march
And slept with your lights gone out,
While your dreams grew discordant
Like the ominous cries of night birds.
Yet, though it is dark, and wind in the forest
Is like the wails of lost souls,
Has not the breath of that prayer already touched your forehead
Which comes from the past, echoing from age to age,
"Lead me to Light from the dark,
From death to Everlasting Life?"
Sleepers, arise from your stupor of dim desolation!
And know once more that you are children of Light.

—*From Young India.*

"I believe that the weakness of the American character is that there are so few growlers and kickers among us. . . . We have forgotten the very principle of our origin, if we have forgotten how to object, how to resist, how to agitate, how to pull down and build up, even to the extent of revolutionary practices if it be necessary to readjust matters."

"If there is one thing that we love more than another in the United States, it is that every man should have the privilege, unmolested and uncriticized, to utter the real convictions of his mind."

WOODROW WILSON.

THE PULPIT

The Real Warfare

A Sermon Preached by the Rev. Lewis B. Fisher at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Sunday Morning, September 18, 1918.

For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh. *Gal. v:17.*

This is the real warfare that never ends. It is the choosing between a better or a worse thing, a higher or a lower course, a nobler or a meaner possibility. This warfare never ends.

"Never ends, will it not end in heaven?" No, it will not end in any heaven I know anything about. It cannot end in heaven unless you make heaven a fixed condition of deadly dullness and endless idleness which I pray God it may not be.

There will never be a moment in heaven or hell in which a soul may not, if it will do a better thing or a worse thing, choose a higher or a lower course, stand for a nobler or a meaner possibility. It will always and everywhere be up to each soul which it chooses and wills. Life that was, is, shall be, is all one life of endless progress, made up of our victories and our defeats.

You will never reach a point from which there is not a better or a worse thing beyond, and you to fight the battle as to which you take. There is always a decision to make, a battle to fight, between settling into base content where you are, or pressing on to this better thing beyond you. I speak thoughtfully therefore when I call it the battle that never ends. Of all the realms of what we name mind and matter we know little, but the one thing that we do seem to be sure of is that they are realms of change, movement and energy. There is nothing static, there is only the everlasting progress.

In this endless warfare no soul is excused or exempt, because of fatty degeneration, or broken arches, or anything else.

No soul can hire a substitute. Even substitutional theology insults Jesus and his Cross of sacrifice no longer in this way in intelligent circles. Really no soul can be a shirker or a slacker, in the sense of dodging the fight. He may be defeated, but he has to be in the ranks in some attitude such as he wills and chooses, and the destinies that shape his end thrust him. None can escape because they are rich or poor, idle or busy, well or sick, conscientious objectors or otherwise. The battle between the flesh and spirit is an endless battle and every soul in the universe is in that battle somewhere. This is the real warfare.

This real warfare is as a fact behind all other warfare. The cause of our present world war may be

said to be commercialism, or boundaries, or assassination of a Serbian Prince. These and other things are reasons, but none of them the seed and root reason.

The fundamental reason is that back of all this visible warfare some man, or some group of men, chose self glory, pride, dominion, ambition and the superman, and rejected justice, brotherhood, love and the Christ-man. Long since has the Allied world forgotten all other causes, and has come to strike for the Spirit of justice, truth, brotherhood and Democracy. Let those who forced the war beware of the armies that fight this real warfare. Yet, as we today use language, there is no such thing as a war between flesh and spirit. We believe exactly what Paul did, but we do not use his expressions any more. The flesh, if you mean by that your muscles, bones, nerves and various bodily organs, is not an entity that stands up against you and fights you—a spirit.

The flesh, by itself, as we know it, is neither moral nor immoral, but simply unmoral, as is anything else in the cosmic domain. From the flesh and from this domain come certain stimuli, which pass into sensations, and from these we weave feeling thought, ideas and ideals in the psychic domain. Some of these ideas and ideals are better, some worse, some higher, some lower, and the warfare is over which to choose and will. It is not between a spirit in here, and the flesh out there. The warfare is always entirely in here. It is between one set of ideas called good, high, right, and another set called bad, low, wrong. The battle is not between the flesh and the spirit as we use words today, but in your mind between two sets of ideas.

There is no more battle between you and your flesh than there is between you and a piece of beefsteak on the butcher's block. You are hungry, the sight of the beefsteak raises appetite and desire. It does not get off the block and fight you. It just serves as a stimulus, which starts sensations, which becomes ideas and feelings. Commonly that desire may properly be gratified if you have the loose change, and there is no warfare.

But now appears Mr. Hoover and says our fighting boys need meat and wheat and sugar and fats. Instantly within you begins the endless warfare or one of the innumerable battles in it.

It is not between you and the meat, it is within you, and is between two sets of ideas. One says, "Eat what you like and all you please, enjoy yourself." The other says, "Make a sacrifice for America and her Allies in the great cause they are striking for." Your battle is on between these two sets of ideas.

You buy the meat and eat it. Maybe you think you won the battle. But you did not win. You lost, and started down toward the darkness of the ages, the direction that all selfishness goes.

Or you refused the meat and took something else that could better be used. You win your battle, and it makes all battles thereafter easier. This is the real warfare. Paul names it in his language the warfare between flesh and spirit. We name it the warfare of the soul between two sets of ideas and ideals.

How often have we smiled at the way Shakespeare put it. The servant lad has a cruel master. But he has contracted to stay with this master. He is debating with himself between his inclination to run away and the feeling that he ought to stay and keep his promise. We watch the poor little ignorant lad as he wavers between right and left stage doors. Conscience says budge not, the fiend says budge. Alas, the poor lad, in the end he yields to the fiend and runs off, victorious he tries to fool himself into thinking, but knowing really that he is beaten. It was not the flesh, however, he fought with, and it was no fiend. It is always easy to imagine something of this external sort to charge our defeats to. Man always likes to be a shirker or a slacker and lay his sins to somone else—Adam, flesh, Satan, as it may be. Ignorance says: some "flesh" or "Satan" or "fiend" fought against us and was too much for us. But the solemn fact is that it is you yourself deciding between two sets of ideas, one that you know is better and the other worse. The real warfare is in your soul.

Why is it that all men classify actions into good or bad, right or wrong, better or worse, higher or lower? Whence these estimates? The religious answer has always been "God told us so." It is revelation. The Lord thy God spoke all these words.

This is a perfectly good and true answer, not only to this but to everything else. But it is too general. Science and philosophy are always trying to find out, how, when, where, did God tell us. So men have said that we discover that some actions are graceful, beautiful, artistic and some not. Some actions give pleasure and some pain. Some have utility and some do not. Gradually custom fixes these estimates. They are questions of manners, evolution, experience. Really none of these answers deny that old Hebrew answer,—Thus saith the Lord thy God. They are all interesting and true ways to determine just how God says these things to man. There are many reasons why we think some things are good, best, right, and others bad, worst, wrong.

Passing ages and multiplying experience may modify the answer. Some things counted wrong at one time or place may be counted right at another. New occasions forever teach new duties.

The question as to which ideas are right, in any given time and place, and which are wrong, is the great question of our lives.

To get confused on this matter is the only dangerous confusion of tongues. Men may be confused about

intellectual opinions, creeds, dogmas, and still be equally honest and virtuous men.

No serious harm is done by academic differences of opinions on theology and philosophy. If the time is not passed, it ought to be, when we burn a man at any stake, or its equivalent, for his intellectual opinions in themselves. But when men and women get confused about honor being better than dishonor, or lies than truth, or cleanliness than filth, or love than hate, or kindness than selfishness, that is the only dangerous heresy.

When men begin to say, "I will do as I please,—there ain't no Ten Commandments, this matter of right and wrong is just some exploded notion; I will be free from such restraint"; that is the only heresy that greatly disturbs me. The others are on the surface but this one plows deep.

When a distinguished professor makes all sorts of investigations on marriage and sex relations, I am not disturbed if that is all.

I like bold investigations of all subjects. But when he leaves wife and children and goes after a "soul mate," saying that the old notions of marriage are exploded, and faithfulness and loyalty are outgrown, I am disturbed. Really men are not disturbed by opinions, but by the fear that opinions will lead to confused conduct. The professor says Sociology is a failure and cannot see that he is the failure. Certain smart folks say Christianity is a failure, when they are the failures. They have lost in the real warfare.

The theory of a superman is interesting, but when it results in the decision that the superman is the brute man and not the Christ-man, then you get the really dangerous heresy. Not speculative opinions, as mere opinions, make the real heresy, but doubts about conduct.

There is a still deeper fact closely akin to this last named, but more wonderful. Having agreed that some actions are right, better, truer, and other actions are opposite, assenting to the fact that there are moral standards and moral laws, whence comes that deepest of all convicitions—I ought, I ought not?

Thousands of the earth's noblest men and women have said, here is the Voice of God. It is not down from the sky, it is not infallibly recorded in any book, it is the voice within that says I ought this, I ought not that.

It is not reason. Reason says look out for number one. The Voice says, go over the top into no man's land.

It is not common sense. Common sense says, "Safety first." The Voice says honor, right, truth, freedom first. It is not evolution. Evolution says there is a struggle for existence in which the fittest survives, and the fittest is the one with the biggest fist. The Voice says: Survive or perish, I must do this right thing.

Whence this Voice that so defies all our common lower motives?

Kant said the Categorical Imperative. Two things filled him with awe. The midnight stars up there, the moral law in here.

The universe is not greatly disturbed by honest opinions, it is mightily disturbed by doubts about I ought, I ought not.

The Universe hates a liar. The Universe loves the real thing. This is the real warfare. The warfare between the better, the worse, the right, the wrong, the truth, the lies.

Do you know your Allies in this warfare?

It is the great persistent warfare. Your own will power is mighty in it and indispensable. Yet no man, however strong his will, wins this warfare without all his Allies.

The Eternal God is your Ally. Practice the presence of God. Appeal to his constant companionship. Do you know that in order to do this it is not necessary to be able to define God, nor his presence. Simply admit that you do not know, maybe you do not even believe. You do not have to know the anatomy nor physiology, nor the metaphysics of being, to love your beloved. You may have no opinion or no belief whatever about these things.

Yet you practice the presence of your beloved, and find it infinite reinforcement. Speak to God then. He hears.

> "I steadier step, when I recall
> That if I slip, Thou dost not fall."

James Martineau was as keen an intellect as the world has had, but science and knowledge did not make him indifferent to religion. He constantly spoke of God as his infinite ally.

So must every human soul fighting the real warfare down here in life's trenches.

The Christ is our Infinite Ally. That means Jesus and all noble souls of all great men and women who have lived. From them all we shape our Ideal Man. That is the Eternal Christ; the world's Ideal Man. Keep the Ideal Personality in conscious touch. It is your infinite Ally. That is the "White Comrade" as the men in the trenches once named him. He walks beside you, speaks within you, goes before you into battle in all real warfare.

Know this Ally.

Then there is the sense of the family scutcheon that we must not smirch. I must not disgrace my family. Perhaps no ally in conduct is stronger than this. Social workers among the fallen have said that no appeal is stronger than to remind the fallen of a good mother or father or family name that he is disgracing.

That sense of family honor is really all there is to religion.

The whole human race is only a great family. It has the one Father and Mother—God. As fast as we know that, do we find the thought of it to be our great ally. Maybe some day, some far off day, as yet little more than a dream, all mankind will know it.

Let us know our Allies, if we would win battles in this eternal warfare in the soul. Let us know the Infinite God, the Eternal Christ, the whole family of man in heaven and on earth of which each soul is a member, and which he must not disgrace.

I have so far named no name this morning. But one man is in all our hearts—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, your great Prophet, Priest, Preacher and Pastor. When I speak of the man who heard the Voice,—"I ought this right true thing, I ought not any wrong, false thing,," we all think of just one name this hour.

He never said "safety first." He always said freedom, justice, right, brotherhood first. No man will ever speak his funeral sermon here. There is nothing about him to suggest a funeral sermon. Many will attempt to tell what he has been to you all these years. Someone will attempt a formal biography.

But no one will ever entirely succeed. Jenkin Lloyd Jones was every inch a man, and no biographer ever fully depicted a man.

The best of him love only knows, and it can never be written down. Loving skillful writers will say many true things about him, but you will always say, "Yes he was all that and infinitely more." Loving the things that do not die, and incarnating them among you, he cannot die. He loved freedom, truth, right, and so he forever is, I say *is* not *was*, free and true and right. Bodies go to the dust, big brave souls never do. He allowed no fence to be built by any man around him, he refused to build such a fence around any other soul. Honest men and women may differ from him in judgment on this or that matter, but there never was a man or woman who questioned his honor, his courage, his loyalty to the best he knew. He knew but one authority, and that was not man, but the Eternal God and his rightness. He sought that first. By bonds stronger than steel he was bound to God and to God's humanity, and so was free. Hail and farewell, brave heart, for such as thou there is no death.

What War Really Is

"Millions of men committed against one another an infinite number of crimes: deception, treachery, robbery, forgery, issues of false assignats, depredations, incendiary fires, murders, such as the annals of all the courts in the world not equal in the aggregate of centuries; and yet which, at that period, the perpetrators did not even regard as crimes."

—*Tolstoi.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The History and Practice of Religion

Being the First Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Beginnings

Myth and Legend Versus the True Story

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXVIII
The Civic Code

Lesson II—The Problem of Poverty Wages and Dependence

"Nothing is worth doing that you have to lie for."
—William H. Baldwin, Jr.

Our last lesson brought us to a realization that "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," that all his children have a right to share in the bounties of his universe, it being the province of mind and intelligence so to adjust the interrelations of life that to every one will be given an equal opportunity. It should be the purpose of civilization, the aim of legislation to help human beings to play the game of life fairly.

Today's lesson gives us a subject full of hopefulness and thrilling with progress. The sources of wealth may be classified under two heads, the bounty of nature and the ingenuity of human nature, the wit of man fitting into the wealth of the world. Whatever the resources of forest, stream, mine or rocks may be, they must be administered by the wit of man.

We are all agreed that the right adjustment of wealth has not yet been reached, that the questions of poverty and wages are yet to be settled. As to who is responsible or how it is to be done we are not agreed.

By poverty we mean a life so pinched that the individual is defeated in his natural possibilities. We have two clearly defined causes for poverty, one coming through individual delinquency, the other through the complexities of his environment. The problem of crime we will not touch, but good men and more good women and still more innocent children must needs lead the life of dependence and inadequate nourishment through no ethical fault of their own.

The fact is that increasing millions of people are being woven together, through no choice of their own, by what we call modern industry, into a fabric that cannot be disentangled. They are involved in "big interests" which eventuate on the one hand in colossal fortunes, great wealth, in one word an ever increasing number of millionaires, and on the other hand those "interests" eventuate in an ever increasing number of employes contributing to the wealth of those millionaires.

Last week Chicago witnessed a concrete triumph of labor. Seven years ago we studied in this course the strike of the garment makers mentioned last week, and in this connection I want to pay my personal tribute, express my sense of personal loss in the going hence of Joseph Schaffner, a man who perhaps had

more to do on the employers' side in bringing about the arbitrament of seven years ago, which has been permanent, than any other man. He was ever ready to lead on the ethical side of labor. The business world has lost one more successful business man, his place there will be promptly filled, but the social, ethical and intellectual life of Chicago has suffered permanent loss. His contribution was very real.

That triumph has been far exceeded this last few months in the triumph of the Stockyards industry.

I have never been able to see my way to identify myself with either the Labor Unions or the captalists. War is as damnable and less excusable in the industrial world as it is in the political world. The political world has the justification of hoary history, while in the industrial world war is a modern contribution, a recent experience in sociology.

When a slave holder in connection with a labor strike in the North remarked to Lincoln that peaceful slavery was better than warlike labor, Lincoln retorted that he was glad of a government whose men knew enough to strike.

But the industrial world in America cannot be divided into two classes, the employer and the employe, for he who is in the office today was working in his shirtsleeves yesterday and he may have to go back. An advance was seen when labor became sufficiently independent to seek to rectify wrongs by co-operation among themselves. There is another synthesis due. Labor and directors of labor must confess their mutual dependence and adjust their differences to the mutual advantage of all parties concerned.

The story of the stockyards marks such a synthesis. It has been well told in *Life and Labor* for April, in an article by William Z. Foster, Secretary of the Chicago Stockyards Labor Council, entitled "How Life has been Brought into the Stockyards." This article is perhaps a little over enthusiastic and may not be quite fair to the other side, but the facts are stated clearly and the results shown. Another interesting account is given in *The Survey* for April 13 by William L. Chenery of the *Chicago Herald*, on "Packingtown Steps Forward, The Gist and the Spirit of Judge Alschuler's Decision in the Chicago Packing Cases."

About six months ago labor in the stockyards found life becoming desperate. There were fifteen charitable institutions running full blast trying to keep starvation and disease from "back of the yards," which yards were yielding immense profits, amassing and increasing mountainous fortunes.

The first step was taken when the workers made common cause with the Chicago Federation of Labor, John Fitzpatrick being president. He was skilful enough to bring together the different trades, including the butchers, blacksmiths, coopers, colored laborers, etc., and forming as a permanent body, the Stockyards Labor Council. The employes were soon ready to act on the defensive and forces began to array themselves for an ominous battle between the 500,000 men and women involved in the packing industry of the United States and the millionaire packers.

Both sides had their eyes on Washington, both "maneuvered for peace." Appeals were made back and forth, then step by step to the United States Department of Labor, the American Federation of Labor, and then under the dire emergency of war to Secretary Baker, until the President's Mediation Commission was reached. Under this commission an agreement was made that there should be no strikes or lockouts during the period of the war. All differences that the Council and packers could not settle among themselves should be left to the chosen administrator, John E. Williams.

Meanwhile the packers, consistent with their theory of not recognizing labor in an organized way, were obdurate and both parties were summoned to a joint meeting under the chairmanship of the Secretary of Labor, held in Washington. That was a strategic point when at that meeting John Fitzpatrick stepped across the room and took the hand of Ogden Armor, introducing himself. The result was an agreement on twelve of the eighteen demands of the workers, the other six, relating to wages and hours, to go to abritration, Frank P. Walsh and John Fitzpatrick representing the workers and Carl Meyer and J. C. Condon the packers.

Mr. Williams resigned about this time for a position on the coal administration. Apparently there was no other man that would satisfy the contestants and the Government appointed Federal Judge Alschuler to take his place. This judge, stripping himself of all the furbelows of technical courts, asked none of the conventional courtesies, simply managed his inquiry in his own way, asking anyone to come who might help. The labor interests were very fortunate in being represented by this gentleman, a rational man and not a fighter.

Perhaps the most decisive thing that led to a conclusion was the admission by Ogden Armour and Nelson Morris that a living wage was a thing to be sought for and granted. Heretofore capital had said we have nothing to do with living wage. We deal with labor as a commodity, buy at the cheapest and sell at the highest. Labor is a commodity that must be bought at its cheapest or we would be crowded out of business.

The judge inquired into the living wage question. Very poor people were brought into court to give testimony and many stories were told of brave women fighting desperately with poverty within gunshot of the yards.

When Judge Alschuler was ready he slipped into court and read in a quiet voice his decisions, which were more revolutionary than we can understand. They were such as to let in new life and light into the industrial world of the United States. Representatives of the Armour and Swift houses promptly put themselves on record as satisfied.

Ford has demonstrated that all concessions of time and wages increase and do not decrease profits. You can buy a man's hands for ten hours a day, you can coerce, push, but you cannot buy his enthusiasm, his vitality and good will. Labor is not a commodity you can buy, but a stream of human energy that you can control and utilize.

Judge Alschuler's name is safe in the affections of Chicago. He has written himself surely and solidly into the annals of the judicial history of the United States. The points upon which he decided are:

1. The basic eight-hour day; to become effective May 5th, 1918.
2. Double time for Sundays and six holidays; time and one-fourth for the ninth and tenth hours, and time and one-half for all over ten hours on regular workdays.
3. Where three eight-hour shifts are worked daily, employes to be allowed 20 minutes off for lunch and pay.

4. Wage increases from 3½ to 4½ cents per hour, the lowest paid workers to get the larger increases. New rates to be effective as of January 14th. When basic eight-hour day becomes effective on May 5th, employes shall be allowed ten hours pay for eight hours work.
5. Equal pay for men and women doing the same class of work.
6. A guarantee of five days' work per week.

This lesson suggests my hero of seven years ago, William H. Baldwin, Jr., a young Harvard graduate who won the presidency of a railroad and was a conspicuous leader on many lines. When his road was having financial difficulties and a ten per cent cut became necessary, he frankly asked his men if they would take a cut not to apply to any man receiving less than $50 a month and the higher the wages the larger the cut. The men trusted him with reason. Just as soon as the stringency passed he restored the former scale. He is the man who gives us an epigram for a text, "Nothing is worth doing that you have to lie for."

We are beginning to see the fallacy of the belief that co-operation is not favorable to the accumulation of capital. Capital under our present system is necessary to the development of the nation's resources. The head of the International Harvester Company would doubtless say that a monopoly is necessary in the development of machinery and that competition is the death and co-operation the life of trade.

An interesting article going into the history of the stockyards investigation may be found in The Public for April 6, "On the Trail of the Packers," by George W. West.

QUESTIONS

(1) What are the two fundamental sources of wealth?
(2) Is the whole problem of poverty covered in the right administration of natural wealth?
(3) Define poverty.
(4) Outline the recent settlement of disaffection in the stockyards industry.
(5) Under our present economic system is it possible to give equal opportunity to all men?

HE BEAT ME HOME.

When for a little walk we went,
On errand or on pleasure bent,
As we drew near our vine-clad gate,
My always-present walking mate
Would slip his chubby hand from mine
And, toddling on past shrub and vine,
Would turn and say, with baby wit,
"I beat 'oo home, a 'ittle bit!"

God was so good to him and me
As to permit our lives to me
Like those of two frank, boyhood chums
Together solving life's hard sums.
I, as the elder, sometimes knew
Where in his path lay bog or slough
So I might point it out in time
To save him from the fall and grime.

To-day some kind friends came and spoke
Gently to me. And then awoke
A slumbering memory of Then:
I dreamed he was a babe again;
That he before my feet had sped
To reach our door a step ahead—
Through trembling lips I whisper it,
"He beat me home—a little bit."

—Strickland Gillilan.

THE STUDY TABLE

One of the interesting by-products of the war is "Psychical Phenomena and the War" (Dodd, Mead & Co., $2.00 net), by Hereward Carrington, Ph. D. In contrast with Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond,* Tudor Pole's *Private Dowding,* and the several other books dealing with the communications of some specific individual, Dr. Carrington's book attempts to cover the whole field indicated by its name. A little more than one-fourth of the book is given to the psychology of the soldier before he "goes west." The remainder is devoted to evidences of survival, and to such phenomena as the Angels at Mons. Both parts are *interesting.* The first part is, on the whole, convincing. Its descriptions of the mind of the soldier in the cantonments, in the trenches, during the attack, accord with what a psychologist would expect to find. One wonders, however, why the author devotes only two-fifths of the space given to methods of curing shell-shock to those commonly used by psychiatrists, and the remaining three-fifths to a single experiment in the influence of color.

The second, and far larger part of the book, however, is not so convincing. Part of the reason for its failure to convince is the unscholarly way in which it is written. On page 167 we are told of a case "narrated in a contemporary publication." On page 339 is given a case "published in an Australian paper." A story of a colonel who appeared to his entire regiment at the time of his death, though he was several hundred miles away, is repeated. The first account is on pages 195-197, the second is on 291-293.

But there is a more serious reason why Thomas should doubt. It is that he cannot be sure whether Dr. Carrington is proselyting for Spiritualism or is attempting a critical exposition of the subject matter of his book. If he is doing the former, he has not done justice to his materials. If he is doing the latter, he has failed.

But the most distressing aspect of the whole matter is this, that any critical mind, however unbiased, which approaches the subject of psychic research for the first time through the medium of this book, will be repelled, will be almost certain to say that the whole business is rot. Such a result would be deplorable. Psychic research deserves better treatment at the hands of Dr. Carrington.

ARTHUR T. BROWN.

THE PURSUIT

I dreamed that I could flee from Him
And through the morn and noon I sped—
So swift, I thought, He could not see;
But, when the day began to dim,
Lo! there was He!

I fled from Him through countless years;
I sought the shadows of the night;
But I could not His love forget;
A penitent, I turned in tears—
He followed yet!

And still He follows, on and on;
And I still stumble—but in trust;
For I have learned with growing night
That, if there is for me a dawn,
He is its light

—Thomas Curtis Clark.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion"

ALL SOULS CHURCH—THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE.

UNITY's readers will doubtless be eager to know how the various phases of their Editor's work are being taken care of now that he is no longer here to direct it. Of course it is needless to say that everybody is trying to obey his injunction: "Keep right on with the work."

September 29 would have been his first after-vacation sermon. The pulpit was filled by the Rev. Arthur T. Vail of Champaign, Illinois, whose subject was "The Psychology of Prayer," and who spoke on the universalities of race and religion, the potency of love, and the need for human brotherhood and world federation, subjects well in keeping with the traditions of All Souls pulpit. The pulpit will be occupied by friends of Mr. Jones until such time as his people shall select his permanent successor. Next Sunday Miss Jane Addams of Hull House will have the morning service. Miss Zona Gale will speak October 20, Dr. L. B. Fisher October 27.

The Tuesday class in the History of Religion held its first meeting on October 1, the date previously announced. Arrangements were made for carrying on its work for the present by assigning the topics to the members.

The Sunday School will hold its first meeting next Sunday, October 6.

The Lincoln Centre clubs and classes are having their registration days this week, and will open as usual with Miss Mary Lackersteen in charge of the girls' work, Mr. Pulrang and Miss Jordan directing the boys' work, Mr. Vaubel the Manual Training classes, Miss Fleming in charge of the Music classes, Miss Madeleine Sloane as head of the Domestic Science work, Miss Laura Pugh as Friendly Visitor and President of the Mothers' Club, which will continue its usual work.

The institution is so well organized and so filled with the spirit of its great founder that, difficult and sorrowful as is the task of going on without the inspiration of his enlivening voice and his quickening presence, yet it occurs to no one that any other way is possible.

A memorial service will be held in All Souls Church on Sunday, November 17. The announcement of speakers and hour of service will be made later and a memorial issue of UNITY will follow, containing a complete report of the meeting.

Q.

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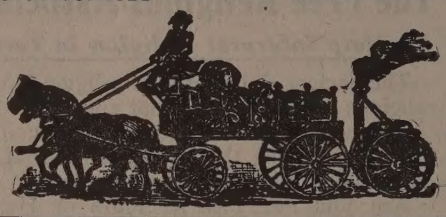

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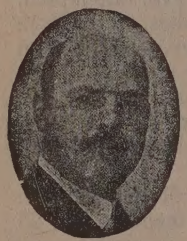

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